

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE.—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XLVII.

Those must be madmen, you say, when you hear loud orators spouting,
Such as, in markets and streets, often in France have been heard.
I, too, think they are mad: yet even a madman, unfettered,
Speaks wise maxims—while, ah! wisdom is silent in slaves. J. O.

MENDELSSOHN'S LAUDA SION, ETC.

MR. HULLAH opened his season on Thursday night, the 21st inst., with a programme of very great interest. The *Lauda Sion* of Mendelssohn and Handel's *Alexander's Feast* were both given entire. The principal feature, however, was the former, which had never been previously heard in this country. The *Lauda Sion* is probably the last work of magnitude that Mendelssohn lived to complete. It was composed expressly for the sixth centenary of the *Fete Dieu* at Liege, and was performed at that great festival, under the composer's direction, in June, 1846. The execution did not at all satisfy Mendelssohn. The *locale*, a church, was unfavourable, and the anticipatory rehearsals of the choral and instrumental forces had not been well conducted. The effect produced was hardly of that triumphant kind to which the author of *Paulus* had been used, and he left Liege with no very exalted idea of the musical capabilities of the Belgians. That same year Mendelssohn presided over the great triennial festival of the Rhine at Aix-la-Chapelle; he directed the performance of his new *Cantata* for voices and wind instruments, composed for the great meeting of the choral societies at Cologne, which was executed in the open air by 2,500 singers and an instrumental band in proportion; and, finally, superintended the rehearsals and conducted the first performance of his master-piece, *Elijah*, at the last memorable festival at Birmingham; in the midst of all which excitement the comparatively cold reception of his *Lauda Sion* at Liege made but a slight impression on his mind, and was speedily forgotten.

As Mr. Hullah was known to be in possession of the manuscript score of the *Lauda Sion*, which was presented to him by Mendelssohn at Liege, it was generally anticipated that he would produce it last season on the night which was to be exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn's works, as a mark of respect for his memory and sympathy for the irremediable loss which devolved upon the world of art in consequence of his early and lamented death. This expectation, however, was not fulfilled, and the production of the new work of the great composer was deferred from time to time, until the end of the season had arrived without its appearance in the programmes. Under these circumstances the curiosity of the

musical public was naturally at its height, and Mr. Hullah's announcement to begin the present season with the *Lauda Sion* was received with general satisfaction.

The original Latin words to which Mendelssohn composed the music of this sacred *cantata* belong to the sacramental hymn which had been in the habit of being sung at the *Fete Dieu* at Liege for some centuries. Their strong papal tendency, however, unfitted them for the English public, and more especially for the audiences who are accustomed to patronise the sacred performances in Exeter Hall. It was with a view to obviate this difficulty that Mr. Bartholomew, at Mendelssohn's suggestion, wrote a new poem in English, and adapted it to the music of the *Lauda Sion*. The version of Mr. Bartholomew, which bears the title of "Praise Jehovah," is a hymn to the Divine Being in form of an ode, with independent metre, and divided into verses of an irregular form. The poem involves orisons to the power and mercy of the Almighty, exhortations to sinners to repent, thanksgivings for benefits bestowed, and recapitulations of miracles and blessings in favour of the chosen people, after the text and authority of Holy Writ. These are divided into choruses, solos, and quartets, and are fitted to the music, as far as notes and accentuation are concerned, in a style worthy the intelligent author of the English version of *Elijah*. That the character of the music has occasionally been overlooked, at times almost violated, is nevertheless true; but the difficulties of his task considered, every excuse is available to Mr. Bartholomew.

The style of the music is necessarily didactic; the words admit of nothing passionate, descriptive, or dramatic. Those, consequently, who look for the startling contrasts and deep intensity of the *St. Paul*, the vivid colouring of the *Lobgesang*, or the graphic magnificence of the *Elijah*, will be disappointed. But those who are contented to regard the *Lauda Sion* as an individual creation of the composer's ever-changing mind, as a tranquil and sublime expression of the highest devotional feeling, will derive all possible gratification, and will find little difficulty in acknowledging it to be one of the most consistent and beautiful emanations from Mendelssohn's prolific and onward genius, which, soaring higher and higher, never stopped to look back at what had been done before, but continually attempted new things, as though it had a mission to perform, which one retrograde step would overthrow. The *Lauda Sion* contains, in all, eight pieces of music, which, though in most instances respectively complete, are inseparably connected, and form one great and consistent whole. A brief instrumental prelude leads, by an artfully managed *crescendo*, to the first chorus, "Praise Jehovah," ("Lauda Sion" in the Latin original,) a solemn and majestic strain, in the pure and open key of C major, in which voices and instruments unite in giving tongue to a sublime march of diatonic harmony, remarkable alike for the severe simplicity

of its progressions and the continuous grandeur of its effect. The use of the trombones in this and other parts of the *cantata* demands particular observation, and fully explains what Mendelssohn intended when he declared these powerful instruments to be of an exclusively sacred character; an opinion he seems to have shared with Mozart and Beethoven, who rarely employed the trombones in their symphonies and other orchestral pieces, but reserved them for particular occasions, instead of rendering them vulgar and common-place by constant and indiscriminate use, as is almost universally the case with the modern school of composers. The opening chorus is followed by another chorus in the minor key, "By his Providence directed," ("Laudis thema specialis" in the original,) of a melancholy tone, which contrasts effectively with the preceding movement; a quaint figure of melody, ingeniously developed, gives a peculiar character to the accompaniment, which is further remarkable for the constant recurrence of a very original and beautiful cadence, introduced with happy effect at the end of each phrase, in whatever key may be demanded by the modulation. This charming movement is followed by a soprano solo and chorus, in A flat, "Sing of judgment, sing of mercies" ("Sit laus plena, sit sonora"), which though brief, has some noble points of harmony and instrumentation; after finishing in the key, it leads, by means of a modulatory passage—in accompaniment to which the tenor and bass voices sing an impressive phrase, in unison, to the words, "For he sitteth between the Cherubim"—to a quartet for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass (principals), in G, "Ye who from his ways have turned" ("In hac mensa novi Regis"), which is distinguished by the smoothness and purity of the voicing and the transparent clearness of the instrumentation; the quartet is divided into two choirs, and a pleasing variety of effect is obtained by the alternate employment of the female and male voices, and their occasional combination in full harmony. The style of this movement is deeply religious; there is a total abstinence from extraneous ornament, and a chasteness in the form of cadence which marks the sections of the melody that we have heard of in Pergolesi and Jomelli, but have rarely seen except in Mozart and Mendelssohn. The next piece is a chorus in A minor, of a more restless and independent character than any other in the *Cantata*. The original Latin words set forth the mysteries of the sacrament, and their spirit appears to be profoundly embodied in the music; but Mr. Bartholomew disregarding this (perhaps—and here is his excuse—carefully eschewing it), has composed words about "Saints and angels, blending, hallelujahs never ending," &c., which are strangely at variance with the feeling of the composer and invest his music with an air of inconsistency that does not at all belong to it. Viewed in conjunction with the original words, this chorus in A minor must be regarded as one of the most original and masterly pieces in the *Lauda Sion*; it is preceded by an impressive choral prelude, in which occur some diatonic progressions, quite Handelian in their boldness and severity; in the chorus—a quick *andante*, in six-eight measure—the voices are continually employed in full harmony, singing two notes of equal duration in each bar, until near the end, when long-sustained notes are allotted to them, which confer additional solemnity upon the climax. The accompaniments of the two first verses consist of florid passages of triplets for the first violins and basses (a combination as daring as it is effective) elaborated with great ingenuity, the wind instruments strengthening the voices by sustaining the harmonies. In the last verse the basses play single notes with the voices, and the triplet passages are deve-

loped in harmony by the full orchestra, each accented point being enforced by chords from the entire body of brass instruments; the effect of the whole is as surprising as it is uncommon. A solo in F, for the principal soprano, "Lord, at all times I will bless thee," ("Caro, cibus, sanguis, potus," &c.) constitutes the only continuous air, unintermingled with choral responses, that occurs in the *cantata*. It is a lovely melody, full of faith, repose, and gratitude; the modulations are rare, but whenever they occur it is with a meaning that declares the irresistible impulse of genius rather than the studied calculations of art; the instrumentation is nothing short of divine, the alternate employment of the softer wind instruments and the unaided stringed quartet ensuring agreeable contrast as well as the most exquisite delicacy. A sort of accompanied choral recitative, "Bless the people who adore Thee," ("Sumit unus, sumunt mille,") remarkable for strange accentuation and curious harmonic progressions, suggesting a deep feeling of mystery which does not appear on the face of Mr. Bartholomew's words, brings us back again to the subject of the chorus with which the *cantata* begins. Merely a fragment of this, however, is given, which, with some modification at the end, leads to the final quartet and chorus in the original key, "Thou didst free them from oppressions" ("Bone pastor panis vere"), at once the climax and the master effort of the work; the melody flows on unimpeded, like a deep-bedded river, clear, sparkling, and transparent; there seems no end to it, albeit its artless simplicity (the very essence of art) is never once violated; the chief feature of the accompaniment is a florid running passage, now expressed by the violins, now by the tenors and violoncellos; the first half of the movement is sung by the quartet of solo voices, which are dispersed with symmetrical completeness; the full chorus is introduced to give force and colour to a superb modulation into D flat, contrived and accomplished with consummate skill; the solo quartet is then again resumed, and afterwards alternated and combined with the full chorus, until the conclusion, which is brought about with that graceful ease, that absence of all straining for effect, which characterises the entire composition. It is not too much to say that no composer could have written this movement but Mendelssohn; it has all the individuality of his style, without any intrusion of what, with deference, may be sometimes termed his mannerisms.

From the above it will be readily concluded that we regard the *Lauda Sion** as one of Mendelssohn's capital productions, and we believe our readers will share with us in the astonishment we experience at the small pains bestowed upon its preparation, and the almost indifference with which it was received by the musical public of Liege, whose centenary festival was honoured and immortalised by its first production.

We have little room to add anything about the performance. Suffice it that on the whole, although by no means unassailable, it was highly creditable to Mr. Hullah, and his First Upper Singing School. The choruses were carefully, and in some instances very effectively, sung, and full justice was rendered to the elaborate and beautiful accompaniments by Mr. Willy and his excellent concert orchestra. The solo voice parts were sustained with great ability by Misses Birch, Eliza Birch, and Duval, Messrs. Lockey and Whitworth. Mr. Hullah, who evidently had committed the score to memory, conducted with great efficiency, and directed the

* A pianoforte score of the *Lauda Sion* has already been published by Ewer and Co., of Newgate Street, proprietors of all Mendelssohn's posthumous works.

times of every movement with correctness and precision. The work was listened to throughout with eager attention by the audience, and the applause at the end was so unanimous and warm that Mr. Hullah directed the repetition of the whole of the final chorus, which was relished all the better for a second hearing.

A word must record that the concert terminated with Handel's *cantata*, if such it may be styled, *Alexander's Feast*, which was effectively performed, the solo parts being allotted to the vocalists already named. Mr. Whitworth's singing of "None but the brave deserves the fair" deserves particular mention.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 822.)

BOOK II.

OF ART AMONG EGYPTIANS, PHENICIANS, AND PERSIANS.

CHAP. I.

I. THE Egyptians have not departed far from their old style in art, and this could not easily rise among them to that eminence which it attained among the Greeks. The cause of this may be sought partly in their bodily form, partly in their mode of thought, and no less in their religious rites and laws, and the estimation and science of the artists. This is comprehended in the first part of this section; the second treats of the original style of their art, that is to say, their drawing of the mode and the clothing of their old figures; the third considers their later style, and the imitations of Egyptian taste by the Greeks and Romans. Lastly, in the fourth part, we shall discuss the mechanical part, or execution of Egyptian art and works of art, and of different sorts of stone, besides the figures of wood and brass, which the Egyptians likewise used.

The first cause of the peculiarity of art among the Egyptians lies in their very form, which had not those advantages that could charm the artist by ideas of high beauty. For nature who made the women especially fruitful, was, in point of formation, less favorable to them than to the Etrurians and the Greeks, as is shown by a sort of Chinese shape, (a) which appears on statues, obelisks and carved stones, as their peculiar form. Aeschylus says, too, that the Egyptians were formed differently from the Greeks.

II. Their artists then could not look for variety, as this was not in nature, which in the unvarying temperature of this country did not depart from its exaggerated forms, since here, as in all things, it recedes from extremes with more difficulty than from a medium. This very form, which is in the Egyptian statues, we also find in the painted masks on mummies, which, like those of the Ethiopians, seem to have been made in exact resemblance to the deceased, since the Egyptians, in arranging their dead bodies, sought to preserve everything which would make recognition possible, even down to the eyelashes. Perhaps even the custom among the Ethiopians of painting the likeness of the dead upon their bodies came from the Egyptians; since in the time of King Psammetichus, 240,000 inhabitants went from Egypt to Ethiopia, and introduced their manners and customs (b.) However, as Egypt was governed by eighteen Ethiopian kings, whose government falls in the remotest times, the custom of which we are speaking may have been common to both nations.

III. The Egyptians, too, were of a dark brown complexion, which is represented on the heads of painted mummies, (c) and

hence the word *αὑρητάραι* signifies "to be burned by the sun" (d.) As the faces on the mummies are of one color, the theory of Alexander Gordon, who maintains that they differ according to the difference of provinces, is without foundation.

IV. Though Martial commends a beautiful boy from Egypt, (lib. iv., epig. 42), this is to be understood of a boy, born not of Egyptian but of Greek parents. However, the poet adds, that a white face from this land of brown complexions (in Mareotide fusca) is the more to be prized the more rarely it is to be found. We have an instance of one of these Greeks in the celebrated Mime Apolaustus of Memphis in Egypt, whom Lucius Verus brought with him to Rome, and whose memory is preserved in several inscriptions (e.)

SELECT. VARIORUM NOTIS.

(a) This observation might have been applied to those who have lately written a great deal about the similarity of the Chinese to the Ancient Egyptians.—Winckelmann.

(b.) Herodot., lib. ii.

Diodorus estimates the number as above 200,000. He also says that the Egyptians, as a colony of Ethiopians, borrowed from the latter the custom of bestowing great care on the dead.—Fea.

(c) One of the mummies was presented by Cardinal Alexander Albani to the Institute at Bologna. Another is in London, and both have an old coffin of freshly preserved sycamore, which is painted as well as the body. The third painted mummy is among the Royal Antiquities at Dresden. Since the faces on all these mummies are of the same color, Gordon's opinion that the London mummy was a person from Nubia, cannot be maintained.

(d) *αὑρητάραι* is not "to be burned by the sun," but is said of the sun, "which makes" brownish black.

(e) Capitolinus says that this Apolaustus was brought by Lucius Verus from Syria to Rome. His name was Memphis, and afterwards, at Rome, he was called Agrippa, with the surname Apolaustus. For what reason Winckelmann calls him a Greek it is difficult to allege. From his first name we should rather infer that he was born, not in Syria, but in Memphis, a supposition which gains probability if he is the same Memphis whom Athenæus mentions as an Egyptian born in Memphis. The Egyptians and Ethiopians liked dancing, and, according to Athenæus, the dances practised at Memphis pleased even Socrates. As for the inscription which Casaubon refers to Apolaustus, the contrary is maintained by Salmastius.—Fea.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In inserting the paragraph sent you last week it is erroneously quoted "from the *Manchester Courier*,"—the "*Manchester Guardian*" is the only local paper in which the criticisms with the Greek initial, "Sigma," appear. The programme of the second concert—at the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday, the 21st instant—was so excellent that it must be by all means recorded in the pages of the *Musical World*.

PART I.

Overture, "Egmont,"	Beethoven.
Duetto, Madame de Lozano and Signor Belletti, "Bella Imbago" (<i>Semiramide</i>)	Rossini.
Grand aria, Madlle. Lind, "Di pincer" (<i>La Gazza Ladra</i>)	Rossini.
Madrigal, Manchester Madrigal Society, "No din of rolling drum"	Striggio, 1560.
Fantasia, Flute, Mons. Remusat.	
Duetto, Madlle. Lind and Sig. F. Lablache, "Singing Lesson"	Fioravanti.
Madrigal, Manchester Madrigal Society, "Have I found her?"	
Aria, Signor Belletti, "Non pia andrai" (<i>Nozze di Figaro</i>)	Datesson, 1618.
Aria, Madlle. Lind, "Casta diva" (<i>Norma</i>)	Mozart.
	Belini.

PART II.

Overture, "La Gazza Ladra"	Rossini.
Aria, Madame de Lozano, "Pensa alla Patria,"	Rossini.
Trio, voice and two flutes, Madlle. Lind, Mons. Remusat, and Mr. King—composed expressly for Madlle. Lind—(<i>Camp of Stesia</i>)	Meyerbeer.

Chorale, Manchester Madrigal Society, "There is a calm," J.S. Bach, 1730.
Solo, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Halle.
Cavatina, Madlle. Lind, "Und ob die Wolke" (Der Freischütz) Weber.
Duetto, Signori Belletti and F. Lablache, "D'un bel uso," Rossini.
Madrigal, Manchester Madrigal Society, "Flora gave me the fairest flowers" Wilbye, 1598.
Grand aria, Madlle. Lind, "Ah non giunge" (La Sonnambula) Bellini.
Echo Song, Madlle. Lind, Swedish Melody.
National Anthem, "God save the Queen," soli parts by Madlle. Lind, Signori Belletti, and F. Lablache; chorus, the Manchester Madrigal Society.

We went to the concert—more as a matter of interest and curiosity—to see how Jenny Lind was received by the Manchester public, (on this the second occasion of her great exertions on behalf of the noblest institution this city can boast,) than with the anticipation of any great or extraordinary treat. Never in the course of our twenty-three years experience in "Music at Manchester," were we so delighted, gratified, or astonished at a musical performance before. The whole scene was one to gratify the heart of any man with one spark of human feeling, to see that vast Hall so splendidly filled with all classes of society, the great bulk of the audience in evening dress, attended with the greatest solicitude to their seats by a body of gentlemen acting as stewards, (and on the committee) of the highest standing in Manchester. We could not note all who were active on this memorable occasion. J. C. Harter, Esq., Treasurer, officiated as orchestral steward to do the honors to "the Nightingale." D. Maude, Esq., the venerable Dr. Bardsley, R. Brandt, Esq., barrister, the Rev. Canon Clifton, some of our leading men as magistrates and members of the liberal profession—the three black graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity, each contributing its quota—all vying with each other to give effect to the noble and generous efforts of a clever artiste and kind hearted woman, Jenny Lind. By means of the laudable exertions of the stewards above alluded to, the audience, some three thousand odd, were all seated, and the overture to *Egmont* was commenced very punctually at seven o'clock. As at the Concert Hall, Mr. Seymour conducted, and Mr. Nadaud led, both very efficiently. We did not detect any of that weakness of tone which has been complained of in the latter gentleman's violin, and think that Mr. Seymour stands too high on his real merit as violinist and leader to require any friendly, albeit mistaken, zeal in making comparisons in his favour—this by the way. *Egmont* was played in a manner to convince those auditors who had not the advantage of the *entrée* to the Concert Hall, of the superiority of the Concert Hall orchestra over any other in the provinces. "Bella immago," to our taste, wanted force; it may be from having been accustomed, years gone by, to this duet, as sung on the stage in the opera, with all the adjuncts of the scene and impassioned action. Belletti's flexible organ enabled him to deliver his portion with great ease, and Madame de Lozano made a favorable impression, possessing, as she does, a pleasing voice, and lady-like manner. Then came the *Genius of the Night*—Jenny herself. We never witnessed anything like the enthusiasm before: all the assembled thousands rose on her entrance; it was some time before the cheering subsided; and the homage offered to the woman would allow her to appear as the songstress; and here we would remark upon the choice of songs either Jenny had made or the committee had selected for her for this concert; they were in such a variety of styles, and so well calculated to show Jenny Lind's peculiar style in every one of them. Before hearing her on this occasion we had fancied that we had heard Jenny Lind to greater advantage, by having before always seen and heard her in opera, than we possibly

could do at a concert. We never were more mistaken in our lives. Whatever opinion may be entertained of Jenny Lind's acting there is such dramatic expression in her singing as to leave nothing wanting to reach the heart of the listener. Herein must lie the great cause of her success—here is her power! "Di piacer" how full of beauty! how brilliantly yet appropriately embellished! Hackneyed as it is she brought out all its points admirably, and then as gracefully threw in new beauties of her own so as to make it quite a new affair. We were delighted with it; but at this rate we shall never get on: here have we got to this length and not past Jenny's first aria yet. The Madrigal Society were well received for their kind offer of their valuable services. The hall is not a good place for their peculiar music to be heard in, and want of effect was very much felt during the first part when the members sang as they do at their own rooms, seated. On standing up and facing the audience the effect was much heightened, and Bach's chorale obtained a well-merited encore. Remusat's flute fantasia on "Fra poco a me" from *Lucia* was a talented performance. His tone is not so clear or bell-like as Richardson's, but very beautiful for all that. Hallé's performance was great, and yet how simple! He merely gave three of the immortal Mendelssohn's "songs without words" with his usual modesty, but with prodigious power and expression. The advantage to be derived from Hallé's presence amongst us is incalculable. (Sigma thinks as highly of him as the Editor of the *Musical World*, and does not always cut him off "with a lion.") Jenny's next appearance was in the well-known singing lesson with F. Lablache, in which she gave us a specimen of her comic power, and delighted everybody. Belletti having given "Non piu Andrai" very efficiently, Jenny finished the first part with "Casta diva" from *Norma*, and so chastely and splendidly was it delivered, yet withal so different to Grisi's, that we can fully understand how different her reading of the part may be, and yet how great at the same time; and in spite of what has been said against her *Norma* we would, with Sigma, fain see her do *Norma* in Manchester. If what we hear be true, however, that is impossible; as it is rumoured here Jenny does not intend to return to the stage again—at least not to appear in opera. We trust it is not so. *La Gazza Ladra's* overture was capitally played by the band. Jenny's first appearance in the second part was in what may fairly be termed the wonder of this wonderful concert, and that was Meyerbeer's trio for voice and two flutes from the *Camp of Silesia*. To describe her in this is beyond us; it is really most marvellous. It was encored most tumultuously, and again gone through with the greatest appearance of ease and good humour. Her next performance displayed her in another phase of her talent—her power of deep pathos in a plaintive aria, the lovely one from *Der Freischütz*. It thrilled all hearts; just as her shake pianissimo in "Casta diva" had made all the thousands hold their breath like a single intensely listening individual. Belletti and F. Lablache next achieved a most hearty encore for their very clever *buffo* singing in Rossini's duet. Then came a succession of triumphs for Jenny, who never in Manchester, perhaps, exhibited her energies in a more untiring manner. In the first place she sang the "Ah non giunge" as who can sing it like her?† It was encored, and repeated with greater brilliancy than before. She then, without leaving the platform, sat down to the pianoforte and gave one of her Swedish melodies, the Echo song, immediately after which

* We are glad of it.—Ed.

† Query? Has our correspondent heard Persiani or Viardot?—Ed.

she returned and sang the first and last verse of "God save the Queen" with very little of foreign accent, and with a simplicity and volume of tone that astonished everybody. Our head fairly aches when we think of the enthusiastic plaudits which followed. Thus ended one of the most exciting concerts ever given in Manchester, realising at the same time no less than £1500 towards the fund for which Jenny had liberally accorded her gratuitous services. In all a profit of £2500 will be cleared towards building the new wing of our Royal Infirmary. Vivat Regina and Jenny Lind! We are up to the ears in music. A Christmas oratorio at the Free Trade Hall, on Christmas Day; Jullien last night, to-night, and Saturday; choral concert at Concert Hall, January 5th; Hargreave's Choral Concert, January 11th, besides Mr. Seymour's quartets, Mr. Hall's chamber concerts, &c.

Mlle. HELENE STOEPEL.

A cotemporary records the appearance of this clever artist at M. Jullien's concerts in the following enthusiastic terms:—

MADemoiselle STOEPEL.

"Mademoiselle Stöpel's reputation as a pianist, in the private musical circles of the metropolis, had rendered her first public appearance a matter of more than usual interest; and a brilliant audience crowded M. Jullien's saloon on Thursday evening to witness her *début*. A graceful figure, with singularly handsome and expressive features, excited, on her first stepping forward, the favorable predisposition of the audience; and her brilliant execution of a fantasia from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* called forth the most rapturous plaudits, and an unanimous encore. This last mode of distinction was, however, considerably resisted by M. Jullien, who endeavoured, by a telegraphic shaking of the head, to remind the audience of the trepidation natural to a first appearance, and to dissuade them from insisting on the young lady's recall. A thousand throats, however, took the opposite side of the argument, and that with so stormy and irresistible a logic that the maestro was fain to give way at last; and, diving through the trap-door below his golden chair, speedily re-appeared leading by the hand the new favorite, who repeated, amidst acclamations if possible more enthusiastic than before, her admirable performance; and finally retreated under a sharp cannonade of bouquets, accompanied by appropriate thunders of applause, and reiterated explosions of enthusiasm. Miss Stöpel's talent deserves a more critical appreciation than our space permits us this week to give it. We can only say that, equally delicate in the details of embellishment, and forcible in rendering the main outlines of the composition,—rapid and brilliant yet expressive and *singing*—awakening sympathy as well as surprise and admiration—her performance on Thursday night united high and various merits, rarely found combined; and, in our opinion, fully justified the rapturous applause of the public."

The same writer thus expresses himself in favor of the celebrated horn-player, Vivier, who is now playing with such great success at the Wednesday Concerts of Mr. Stammers.

M. VIVIER, THE HORN PLAYER.

(Second Notice.)

"The *début* of this extraordinary and accomplished artist is decidedly the most significant musical event of the month; and, if we are not much mistaken, will mark as an epoch in musical annals. M. Vivier has acquired over that rebellious instrument, the French horn, a mastery so absolute, that he draws from it at pleasure tones soft and sweet as those of the flute—notes rough and angry as the trumpet's snarl—melancholy as the hollow wailing of the bassoon—or deep-mouthed and fierce as some wild beast's roar, or the muttering of distant thunder. The twisted brass seems plastic in his hands. Sometimes in his sliding transition from note to note, the human voice sings mournfully; sometimes he breathes forth earnest entreaty, sometimes passionate remonstrance; and there are long, tremulous, palpitating tones, which seem to express the sobbing of a bosom torn with anguish—or to give shuddering utterance to the most intimate agony of the soul. Next moment the strain will change, and joyful tones gush forth like the bubbling silver from a fountain—merry and clear as a child's carol, and overflowing like it with careless happiness, bright hope, and delightful memories. It is this rare power of painting in music the varying passions of the soul, and of impressing on his audience emotions profound and vivid as his own, that characterises M.

Vivier's performance. As we listen, appreciation and critical analysis give place to responsive sympathy; we feel ourselves under the influence of genius, and it is no longer the sound of a trumpet, but the soul of a man that absorbs our rapt attention. Just so, when Paganini played, it was not to the mere wooden violin—to the vibrating strings—to the physical undulations of the air, that we used to listen; through those material media an impassioned soul found utterance, and entered into communion with our own."

The writer is evidently an amateur of ardent temperament, but his feelings is in the right place.

SONNET.

NO. CXVI.

ST. SYLVESTER'S DAY.

As years draw to their close, the common theme
Is time ill spent, and precious moments lost;
Wisdom not gained, or dearly bought at most;
All deck'd with saws that wondrous prudent seem.
Though sad, it yet is flattering to deem
We might have been much better; and to boast
Our present wisdom, even at the cost
Of our past selves, now but an empty dream:
Repentance oft exjoles us, when she points
With mournful visage to some secret power.
By which a thousand gaps we might have mended;
But if we scan life closely, mark the joints,
The subtle links connecting hour with hour,
We find how little on ourselves depended. N.D.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Of the many pleasant concomitants of Christmas, the annual visit of M. Jullien and his unrivalled band of instrumentalists is now certainly among the most pleasant. The band numbers in its ranks not a few artists who are unrivalled in Europe for refinement and finish, need we name Barrer, Baumann, Jarrett, Prospero, Koenig, Richardson, and that most extraordinary little player on a little instrument, M. Collinet; with whom are associated others of hardly less merit, if less fame; to wit, Henry Blagrove, perhaps the very first of our English violinists, for strength and purity of tone, and high finish; Cioffi, a splendid trombone player; Sonnenberg, a refined clarinetist; Harper, an admirable trumpet, though not of the Harper family; Baker, the tasteful leader; and though last, not least, Jove himself, who wields his thunder-bolt with an effect occasionally as tremendous as that of the great son of Saturn, but generally so as almost to call down the music of the spheres.

The programme of last night contained an admirable admixture of the classical and the popular, so as well to suit all tastes. Madame Anna Thillon was announced as the vocal feature, but unfeigned illness had detained her in London. Mlle. Nissen has, therefore, been substituted, and supplied the fascinating Thillon's place with an efficiency which, musically, leaves one nothing to regret. She is the countrywoman, and was the fellow student of Jenny Lind, we believe, and equally enjoyed with the latter the friendship of Meyerbeer.

Mendelssohn's exquisite overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was exquisitely played; certainly it was; with a fuller stringed effect than we usually mark; indeed, we never recollect the band being so complete, except at the great "Beethoven Festival." This overture begins and ends with a delicious melody, fairy-like as the scene depicted. Blagrove's solo on some of the leading melodies from *Lucia* was a fine artistic performance. His tone is as pure as that of any one we have heard on the instrument. But

leaving other notables, including a new "valse a deux tems;" Mdle. Nissen, till we come to her second solo; the lovely "allegretto" from Beethoven's symphony in D; and Herr Koenig's "instrumental song" on solitude, by a young English lady called Angelina, and which was played with refinement and fervour; and the charming "Caledonian quadrille" among the best which Jullien has written, and which ended the first part, we must say a few words on M. Jullien's "God save the Queen," arranged for military bands *obligato* and *ad infinitum*, and which created such a furore throughout Jullien's season at Drury Lane.

Enter the members of the two military bands (the 4th Dragoons and the 30th Foot,) and ranging themselves at the back of the orchestra, like a body of infantry taking a post. By dint of divers raps with his baton, and quicker than you would think, M. Jullien gets them all "attention." The simple melody is then played by both orchestras, piano, after which it is played by various sections of Jullien's orchestra, the other portion accompanying with exceedingly learned and florid accompaniments. At last all join forte, with rolling crescendos of the drums, that roar like a park of artillery; while the monstre drum is used with a booming effect, that realises the dull reverberation of cannon. Suddenly, as if by magic, "Jove" silences the thunder, and the closing strain is given placidly and smoothly. Such an exciting effect we certainly never heard before. The immense audience stood up, the male portion uncovered, and the encore of the finale was enthusiastic. Of course it will be repeated on this and Saturday evening.

The second part opened with a selection from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, and included the most telling pieces from that super-exciting work of perhaps the most vigorous and graphic of living composers. We can give no idea of this piece, further than to say that some of the concerted pieces, especially the trio of oboe, corno-bassetto, and ophicleide; the solo for bassoon; and the "benediction of the poignards," are among the most extraordinary and striking things we have heard. Allow us to suggest, however, that in an opera so little known in the provinces, it would be well, and add much to the interest, if the different pieces could be more clearly marked—say by a pause, or by a slight tap of the conductor's baton. As it is, we are occasionally in doubt as to where each piece begins. *Les Huguenots* is among the most effective adaptations that M. Jullien has yet given us.

Mdle. Nissen has a very charming voice, light and silvery, and considerable power and refinement of execution. She was a little timid in Verdi's scena, which she nevertheless gave with great effect, and was loudly applauded. In the second part, she sang the charming cavatina, "Qui la voce," from *Puritani*, with great sweetness. Her reception and success will doubtless perfectly restore her self-possession this evening, when we fully expect to witness a still greater effect.

"The drum polka," with its half score side drums, is a vastly spirited composition; the duet, "Lo, here the gentle lark," for clarinet and flute, is a piece of exquisite instrumental warbling. The "dance music" generally, not to call it so disparagingly, is very ingenious and clever, with some very striking effects, both *choral* and instrumental, and especially in the application of Prosper's ophicleide and some of the other wind instruments.

There was an immense audience, and the first concert went off with great spirit.

This (Wednesday) evening, Herr Löwen, a basso profundo, or deep bass, is to appear, and sing the terrible invocation,

"O voi che qui posate," from *Roberto il Diavolo*, and some other portion of the exciting finale to the second act, which has been expressly arranged for him by M. Jullien. We hear good things of the new German basso.

THE JENNY LIND CONCERTS

(From the Manchester Courier.)

THE result of the two concerts given in the Concert Hall and at the Free Trade Hall, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, has equalled the sanguine expectations of most of those who have laboured in the matter. So far as we can gather at present, when the accounts are still in an incomplete state, the receipts will stand thus:—

CONCERT HALL.

1100 Tickets, at £1 1s. each 1135 10 0

FREE TRADE HALL.

1120 Tickets, at 15s. each 840 0 0

1150 " " 10s. 575 0 0

350 " " 5s. 87 10 0

300 " " 2s. 6d. 2695 10 0

To this must be added a donation of 100 guineas from Mr. Alexander Glendinning, of the Seedley Printing Company 105 0 0

Making a grand total of £2800 10 0

To this has further to be added the money received for the large sale of books of the words, at both places, and the receipts on the whole stand at somewhere near £2,880. The probable expenses are £400; so that we may calculate upon near £2,500 being realised in aid of the cause proposed. A most handsome donation to the coffers of a most noble institution, and one which must be suitably acknowledged. The whole of the arrangements at both concerts were admirable, and speak volumes for the business talents of those who conducted them. In our detail of the arrangements of the concerts in Wednesday's *Courier*, we gave the names of the general committee, but omitted to mention those gentlemen who, as the executive committee, had most of the work devolved upon them. It is but justice to name them in connection with the arrangements so admirably carried out, and so fully meeting the wishes of Mademoiselle Lind herself. The executive committee were the Rev. Canon Clifton, chairman; Mr. S. Schwabe, Mr. Thorley, Mr. Ree, Mr. G. T. Bellhouse, and Mr. J. B. Markland. Though not on the committee, valuable assistance was rendered by Mr. J. C. Harter. As an illustration of the desire of all to aid in giving the fullest effect to the generous offer made by Miss Lind, we may state that several of our citizens, who were unable to attend the concerts, purchased the tickets, and permitted them to be sold again for the benefit of the institution. During the sittings of the executive committee for conducting the arrangements for the Lind Concerts, an application was made through Mr. Thomas Townend, that a certain number of the inmates of Henshaw's Blind Asylum should be permitted to attend the rehearsals for the concerts. The committee, however, determined, with generous sympathy, to let them be present at the concert in the Free Trade Hall, and accordingly thirty of them, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, were seated in the gallery, near the platform. While the performances were proceeding they intimated to Mr. Townend that they should like to depute one of their number to thank Madlle. Lind in person, for the gratification she had given them; and this being made known to the lady, she at once signified her desire to see them immediately on the conclusion of the concert. When they were informed that their request was granted, they selected one of themselves, a young man named Unwin, in their name, to do the act of homage and gratitude. Unwin, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, was introduced to Madlle. Lind in her private room, by Mr. Townend, and, in a few brief but appropriate sentences, told her how deeply gratified he and his fellow pupils were, and what a pleasure it would be to them if she would visit their asylum at Old Trafford. Madlle. Lind replied that it filled her with pleasure

to think that she had afforded them the slightest gratification. She would not be able during her present stay in Manchester to accept their invitation, but she would take an early opportunity after her return from Birmingham to pay them a visit. The deputy then withdrew, and communicated the result of the conference to his fellows.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE sixth concert, on the 27th inst., was as attractive as its predecessors. Although Mr. Stammers had the pantomimes and other performances, at Exeter Hall, of great magnitude, during the same week, to contend with, his audience was not a bit the less numerous, a good proof that his entertainments have taken complete hold of public attention. Owing to the space occupied by our index we are compelled to be very short in our notice of this concert. Thalberg played, for the last time, and perhaps never played better. His well-known fantasia on *Mose in Egitto*, and a fantasia on national airs, were the pieces selected by the great pianist for his farewell to the Wednesday Concerts. We need hardly say how enthusiastically the first was received. Vivier, as usual, made a hit, and, as the French say, "Il a enlevé la salle;" he played on this occasion a delicious ballad from Benedict's *Gypsy's Warning*—the popular song in C, with the *arpeggio* accompaniment, in which Miss Rainforth was wont to be nightly encored; the enthusiasm he excited was not less legitimate than it was unanimous. Master Rancheraye, who appeared some time ago at Jullien's concerts with success, made a highly favourable sensation in the *Tremolo* of De Beriot, for the violin. M. Rancheraye is left-handed, and though very young, his execution is very sure, and his taste unimpeachable. His performance was warmly applauded.

The feature of the vocal music was a selection from *Masaniello*, in which Sims Reeves sang "My sister dear" (which is not in Auber's opera), and Whitworth's barcarole produced the greatest effect. Among the miscellaneous pieces Miss Dolby's "the Wanderer," Miss Rausford's "Here's to the holly" (E. J. Loder), Miss Nelson's "Beautiful night" (Nelson), Miss Dolby's "Swiss girl" (Roch Albert), Miss Poole's "'Tis home where'er thou art," and Sims Reeves' "Macgregor's gathering" were most applauded. Besides the overture to *Masaniello* a very clever, spirited, and ably scored overture called *Zanoni*, by Mr. Lavenue, was played for the first time, and received with great favour. Full justice was rendered to it by Mr. Willy and his concert-band.

We hear, notwithstanding his success, Mr. Stammers is making fresh engagements. The veteran Braham is secured for two concerts, and will sing duets with Mr. Sims Reeves. Madlle. Helene Stoepl will play a pianoforte concerto at one of the approaching concerts. Mad. G. A. Macfarren has returned to England from America, where she has attained distinguished popularity as a dramatic vocalist. Mr. Stammers might with advantage avail himself of that lady's services, while in search of novelties of interest.

RONCONI IN PARIS.

It appears that Ronconi has positively undertaken the management of the *Italiani* in Paris, that he will be assisted by Government, and that Alboni and Mario will join his troupe. Under these circumstances, there is every reason to hope that Ronconi will meet with the success his magnificent talent and spirited enterprise so well deserve. Ronconi and Madame Ronconi will both be at the Royal Italian Opera next season.

THE PANTOMIMES AND CHRISTMAS PIECES.

DRURY LANE

CIRQUE NATIONAL.—How full of thoughts and recollections are the walls of old Drury! How suggestive of reflections on the mutability of everything mortal! What would the shades of Siddons, Kemble, Betterton, Kean the elder, say to the transformation of the scene of their triumphs, where they strutted their short glorious hour, into a permanent arena for horses and jugglers? The tragic mantle and buskin of Garrick supplanted by the cap and bells of Auriol! Alas, it grieves us sorely to accept this state of things, and the more so, as we see no hopes of a better; let us not, however, be supposed to depreciate the value of the performances now offered to the public. The French company are not to blame: they have taken a house to lot—a house refused by English managers; and the public, who are seldom inclined to moralise, crowd here in search of amusement, which is furnished them, of a most diverting and agreeable character, of its kind. On recalling to mind the scenes enacted here last year, on the occasion of the *Theatre Historique*, we almost expected to find a protest, signed by the horses of Batty's Amphitheatre, against this infringement of privilege; we were, however, agreeably disappointed—things passed off uncommonly well, and a greater degree of liberality was vouchsafed to French horses than to the French actors. We beg to congratulate the public on this improvement, and recommend them to profit, in future, by everything good offered them, and not punish themselves, by sulking against their bread and butter.

The house was crowded on Tuesday last; and we have rarely seen a performance which commanded such universal approbation. All seemed delighted, both young and old, at the daring of young Loisset, and at the eccentricities and broken English of the two Auriols. *Apropos* of young Loisset, we are inclined to think that the fall of this little fellow, at his first sommersault, is part and parcel of the performance. We saw him last year, and once this, and he has invariably fallen under the horse's feet, and that exactly in the same place, on each occasion. If this do not form part of the programme, it certainly is a very extraordinary coincidence; but if it does, we think it had better be omitted in future. We do not admire playing after such a fashion on the feelings of the public, more particularly the fairer portion of it.

After the national air of "God save the Queen" the evening's amusements began with *La Lutte des Voltigeurs*—a most exciting and spirited performance, in which the actors vied with each other in feats of dexterity and agility, the least of which deserves commendation. M. Franconi exhibited two beautiful cream-coloured horses, full of sagacity, and docile as lambs. Madlle Seignourie made a pretty Bayadere, but spun out her exhibition to rather a tedious length. M. Newsome gave a transformation act, entitled *England, Scotland, and Ireland*. The Irishman won most applause, and was certainly a most characteristic performance. The leap of streamers, by Madlle Ducos, was also good, and a splendid display of cavalry was introduced, under the denomination of the English Lancers. The review was done in excellent style, and all the evolutions were warmly applauded. The Juggler (M. Siegrist) is not so good as last year's; the feats he accomplishes are of an ordinary description, and he scarcely seems up to his work. Want of room prevents our entering into the particulars of each individual performer—we shall merely state that the Transformation Act by La Petite Anato, the equestrian exercises on a bare-backed steed by Madlle Amaglia, the Fishwoman by Miss Clarke, the Quadrille moyen age, and the extraordinary agility of Madlle Palmyrie Anato, elicited frequent bursts of applause. We must, however, specify the Grand Voltige, by M. Wehle, and the feats accomplished by young Loisset, including, of course, the scream of terror caused by his fall, as the most wonderful efforts of horsemanship we ever witnessed. Of Madlle Caroline—whom we have kept for the *bonne bouche*—we cannot speak in terms too eulogistic. She is certainly the most charming Amazon we ever saw. She has her horse under such perfect control—she sits him so gracefully, bending to every motion of his body—she leads him through such a variety of paces, and shows him off to such advantage—she makes him leap and rear so fearlessly—that one is almost inclined to believe in a more graceful reading of the fable of the Centaurs. Besides, Madlle Caroline has a smile which speaks volumes of

thanks, and gratitude for the applause bestowed on her, and which she so well deserves. We most particularly recommend our readers to see the Dance of the Four Globes, by Messrs. Siegrist: any attempt to give an idea of it by description would be useless. The intervals of the performances were filled up by M. Auriol, who goes through his well-known performances on the two chairs, to the delight of the public—Leclair, who makes the house roar with the ludicrous pantomime of his legs; and Ben Said, a new importation from Algiers, who throws a variety of somersaults, with two bayonets on his eyes, mouth, and throat. With due regard to variety in the performances, we have no doubt of the success of this company, undoubtedly the best ever seen in England.

HAYMARKET.

The Christmas burlesque at this theatre is taken from one of the most brilliant stories in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and is entitled *Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura*. It is concocted by the Messrs. Brough, of Liverpool, the talented brothers, whose first essay in the extravaganza line of dramatic writing, the *Enchanted Isle*, has won so great a success in Liverpool and Dublin, and lately at our own Adelphi. Mr. Webster could not have chosen better workmen than the Messrs. Brough. Their writing exhibits ease, freshness, newness of thought, and peculiar quaintness. Their wit is quite their own, and they want nothing, in short, to make them compete with the best writers in this class, but a little more practice to bring their hands in. An occasional diffuseness, and an endeavour to make too much of a scene, which would be better left undone altogether, are the only faults we can find in these gentlemen. This is a fault in the right way, and is easily remedied. The Messrs. Brough have worked their way to popularity in a very sudden manner; but we can confidently affirm that they are entitled to all the favour they have obtained. And now to their last offspring.

Most of our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the fanciful tale of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura in the "Arabian Nights." The Messrs. Brough have adhered merely to the outlines of the story. The scene opens in the skies, and a beautiful starry representation is given, in which some of the major asteroids are heard in chorus, these being personated by certain singing young ladies, diamond-foreheaded and cloud-apparelled. The Peri Maimoune (Mrs. Keeley)—by the way, are Peris legitimate in the Arabian Nights?—arrives at the half-way house, situated between Somewhere and Somewhere-else, and is directly followed by Danasch, a Djinn, or rapscallion spirit, who personifies the low-comedy man of the piece, and is an especial favourite with the slang gentlemen in the upper regions. A spirited dialogue ensues between the Peri and the Djinn, from which arises a dispute concerning mortal beauty, the Peri affirming that the loveliest of human beings is Camaralzaman, Prince of Khaledan; and the Djinn obstinately persisting in opinion that nothing of mortal mould can stand compare with Badoura, Princess of China. A wager is the result, and the Prince and Princess are brought together by magic aid. The wager is hardly decided by the interview between Camaralzaman and Badoura. The Prince falls in love with the Princess, and the Princess falls in love with the Prince. The Peri comes off worst in the issue, for, loving the Prince herself, she feels mortally, or, more properly, immortally chagrined at Camaralzaman bestowing his affections upon the Chinese princess. She vows she will oppose all his efforts to obtain his heart's choice; but as thousands of miles interpose between the Chinese empire and the kingdom of Khaledan, the Peri's jealousy is somewhat appeased by the prospect of the impossibility of the lovers ever meeting. Meanwhile, the pair are love-drugged, and are dying for each other, or rather for the personal reality of that vision each saw in fancied sleep. Poor Badoura is pronounced "non compos," and medical professors arrive from all parts to undertake her cure, upon the non-fulfilment of which they are handed over to the headsman and treated to a chop. Thus stand matters at China, or some capital therein. To spite the Peri, our friend Dinascch disguises himself as a mortal, and undertakes to lead Prince Camaralzaman to where he shall find the beautiful object of his admiration. Off they set, and soon arrive, by short cuts, at the door of the palace of Emperor Bung, the son of Tung, whose father was Hung, father of Badoura, the non-composed princess. They read the proclamation about

Badoura's illness, and the pleasing invitation to proficient in the art medicinal. The Djinn tells the Prince that the sight of him will effect an immediate cure: they knock at the palace door; the Emperor is roused from his noon meal, and, on learning their mission, orders the headsman to prepare his axe. However, on the appearance of the Princess, the cure is made, and general rejoicings take place. But the lovelorn and wily Peri was not idle the while. She had divined the intentions of Master Dinascch, and determined to frustrate his wishes. Just before the arrival of Camaralzaman, Jin Sling, Crown Prince of Japan, and a solicitor for the hand of Badoura, manages that one of his universal pills should be administered privately to the Princess. Upon Camaralzaman's claiming the merit of the cure, Jin Sling puts in his claim, and Bung orders the disputants to toss up for the reward, the Princess's hand, but ultimately it is agreed that they shall shoot an arrow, and that whoever shoots farthest shall gain the prize. The Crown Prince shoots first, and sends his arrow such a flight as would have amazed old Robin Hood himself. But Camaralzaman shoots farther still, for his arrow goes completely out of sight. This, of course, is managed by the Peri. The Prince hurries after his arrow, and travels a terrible long way before he finds it. At last he spies it, fixed to the root of a tree. Feeling weary, he knocks at a cottage door hard by, from whence issues a troop of fairies, who invite him to a wedding *fete*. The Prince accepts it, and soon finds himself in the boudoir of the Peri, who invites him to marry her, but which request he politely declines. Maimoune, perceiving the inutility of her affections, discards all mortal feeling, and consents to lend a hand in bringing the lovers together; whereupon a local transformation takes place, and a happy termination ensues.

The piece is full of happy and bright sayings, but the allusions, we fancied, to current events, were not sufficiently numerous. To be sure electricity was neatly touched off by saying it would soon be useless, that they made light of it now; and the betting lotteries got a smart rap on the knuckles; still our friend the sea serpent did not appear, nor the Quadrant, nor the French revolution, nor many other moving topics of the time. The wit, however, was superabundant, and the smart hits made the audience exceedingly merry. The acting was admirable. Mrs. Keeley never supported a part with more spirit and with more unflagging energy. Keeley was capital as the Djinn Spirit, and sang some burlesques on known airs with great gusto. Miss P. Horton, as the Prince, was dressed to admiration, and sang and acted most delightfully. Of Miss Reynolds we must also speak highly. She played Badoura with great animation and point. Mr. Bland blustered more hyperbolically than ever as the Chinese Emperor, and in short, it was excellently played on all hands. The dresses were splendid and the scenery most beautiful. We prognosticate a long run for *Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura*.

PRINCESS'S.

After Loder's successful ballad-opera, *Roba Goodfellow*, as new Christmas pantomime was produced, under the title of *Bluff King Hall; or Harlequin and the Charmed Arrow*. The opening, by Mr. Rodwell, an able and experienced hand, is one of the most amusing we have seen for years. The first scene discovers the abode of the demon Discord (Mr. Wynn), who, having had a dispute with his better half, is determined to embroil the world in quarrels, and calls up the Spirits of War, Law, and Liquor to accomplish his designs. War appears in the guise of an Abd-el-Kader; Law as a Lord Chancellor, with his wig, &c.; and Liquor, with a bottle-head, reeling and unsteady, as though all the worse for himself. While Discord is expounding his designs the Genius of Happiness (Miss Wilkinson) appears and determines to frustrate them, and a confabulation ensues, in which either spirit exhibits the most profound contempt for the arguments of the other. The scene now changes to Fairy Land, where there is a dispute between Hymen (Miss Kenworthy) and Cupid (Miss Le Clerq), which Happiness is at some pains to arrange. Cupid is for love without marriage, which of course does not suit the principles of Hymen. Happiness recommends a friendly trial of their strength upon the fortunes of certain mortals, to which they agree, and forthwith, to the tune of "Happy Land," all three of them make wing for England. Lilla (Miss Fawcett) a young country maiden, loves and

is beloved by Sweet William (Mr. Bologna), an archer of renown, who is determined to try his skill at the grand toxophilite festival, given in the gardens of Hampton Court by Harry VIII. of England (Mr. Honey). Harry himself is famous for drawing the long bow, and enters the lists loudly vaunting his superiority. However, by the assistance of Cupid, the best shot of all, who attends the *fete* in the disguise of an old witch, Sweet William manages to hit the bull's-eye, while the King directs his arrow into the eye of a real bull, which happens to be a witness of the ceremonies. Harry, enraged, orders William to be hanged, but William, by the interference of his good genius, makes his escape. Being at the court of Bluff King Hal, we are now let into some of his secrets. While Anne Boleyn, his present Queen, is standing by, he makes love to Jane Seymour, and to get rid of the other orders Cardinal Wolsey (Mr. Paulo) to cut off her head, which takes place without delay. Here Cupid, disgusted with the state of things, throws a mist over the scene. In the next scene we find the Thames by moonlight. King Hal is out a-fishing with Cardinal "Wool's-eye," who conducts the boat. Reaching shore, he perceives Lilla, the betrothed of William, his successful rival. The King is smitten, and declares his suit with importunity: the maiden runs away, and the King, pursuing her, falls into the water, and "Gets the duck he did not bargain for." He catches a severe cold, and in the next scene we find him in his chamber, preparing for bed, attended by the Cardinal, who puts his feet in hot water, and helps him to his griel. While asleep, Discord enters the chamber and calls up a dream which sadly troubles King Hal. The dream is no less than the ghosts of the several wives whom he has, in various manners, made away with, to gratify his love of change. Happiness, however, now interposes, and changes the scene to her own temple, where Cupid and Hymen are persuaded to settle their controversy, and to connive (in opposition to Discord) in uniting the fortunes of Lilla and William, which once settled, the transformation takes place, and the usual harlequinade begins. Lilla is changed to Columbine, William to Harlequin, King Hal to Clown, and the Cardinal to Pantaloon. The whole of this introduction, which is indeed a most admirable burlesque, was received with incessant roars of laughter. The masks were remarkably funny, and the acting of Mr. Honey as King Hal, was highly grotesque and humorous. The scenery, beautiful in itself, was dexterously managed in respect of the many changes, by the means of numerous descending and ascending flats, and called for repeated applause.

The harlequinade embraced a number of scenes in which the prevalent topics of the day were in many instances happily introduced. We have the Quadrant as it was and as it will be; the great Sea Serpent, Robert Houdin, Jullien's popular Drum Polka (by 16 female drummers in costume), and other equally familiar things travestied with much felicity. Mr. Flexmore, whose appearance was hailed by unanimous applause, was the life and soul of the harlequinade; he introduced a new song with some more of his inimitable imitations of the opera dancers, mimicking on this occasion, Carlotta Grisi in the *Truandaise*, and Perrot. He executed a *pas seul* on a gigantic fork, and accomplished many other feats equally diverting. His acting was exceedingly quaint and comic, and convulsed the audience with laughter. Miss Fawcett was a pretty and lively Columbine. Mr. Bologna an agile Harlequin, particularly successful in his leaps through windows; and Mr. Paulo, although perhaps somewhat too active, a clever and indefatigable Pantaloon. Besides these, there was a Sprite (Mr. Le Barr), whose sole occupation appeared to consist in traversing the stage by means of a given number of somersaults. The pantomime was entirely successful. There was not one dissentient voice to modify the general approbation with which it was received. We recommend, however, some curtailment of the harlequinade.

ADELPHI.

The performances at this favorite temple of Momus consisted of the adaptation of Mr. Dickens's Christmas book, the *Haunted Man*, the *Enchanted Isle*, and *Slasher and Crasher*. We have already spoken of the taste and energy displayed by the actors at this theatre in the interpretation of Mr. Dickens's new work and its motto, "Remember wrongs, in order to forgive them," and have only to add that on each night of the reproduction of the *Haunted*

Man, the circle of the readers of the book among the auditory having nightly become increased, the merits of the piece and the successful exertions of the artists have been more thoroughly appreciated and applauded. The beautiful scenery of the *Enchanted Isle*, and the drolleries of Wright and Bedford in *Slasher and Crasher*, by turns delighted and amused a crowded house; and the evening's entertainment abundantly maintained the ancient reputation of Madame Celeste's popular and well-ordered company.

LYCEUM.

The new burlesque, entitled the *King of the Peacocks*, is founded on the Countess D'Anois' tale of the Princess Rosetta, who, having been confined in a tower from infancy, to prevent the fulfilment of an evil prophecy, is released on her brother's accession to the throne, and is so much struck with the sight of a peacock that she vows none but the "King of the Peacocks" shall be her husband. The young king, anxious to gratify his sister, sets out in quest of the object of her choice, accompanied by his younger brother. The King of the Peacocks is found, and is so pleased with Rosetta's portrait that he promises to marry her, and sends for her to his court, at the same time detaining her brothers as prisoners, intending to put them to death if the original does not equal the picture. On her way to the land of peacocks the nurse who accompanies Rosetta conceives the ambitious scheme of elevating her own ugly daughter at the expense of the Princess. She accordingly prevails on the captain of the ship to throw Rosetta, while in bed, into the sea; but the King of the Peacocks is so disgusted by the ugliness of the nurse's daughter, that the two imprisoned princes are condemned to be decapitated. In the meanwhile the bed containing the Princess Rosetta has floated towards the shore, and the barking of her lapdog Fretillon attracts the attention of an old fisherman, who affords a shelter to the Princess. The dog Fretillon supplies her with food, by robbing the King of the Peacocks' kitchen. He is pursued; the Princess is recognised as the original of the portrait, and the whole is brought to a happy termination.

The tale does not afford striking dramatic situations. Mr. Planché has met the difficulty in a manner worthy of himself. Finding that the subject does not yield variety of incident he tries its capability for magnificence, and the result has been a gorgeous spectacle. The fairy scenes with which spectacles conclude are commonplace, but the termination of the *King of the Peacocks* is an ingenious combination of brilliancy and elaborate mechanism. The pencil of Beverley has never been employed to better effect than in this burlesque.

The piece has been well cast. Madame Vestris makes a most princely King of the Peacocks. Miss Howard realises the idea of the Princess Rosetta. The young King, her brother, is played by Miss Fitzwilliam, who displays her vocalisation in Italian airs. A grotesque mayfly brings out John Reeve to great advantage. He danced and sang after the manner of his father, and his best comic song was one of the "hits" of the evening. Harley shone as the captain of the junk—a ludicrous compound of Chinaman and Jack Tar; the fisherman, being turned into a Milesian, became a character for H. Hall; and Selby raved with gentility as the French cook. Mr. Planché treats the dog Fretillon much as he treated the cat in *Puss in Boots*, that is, he makes him something between humanity and brutality. Fretillon, however, does not speak, but tumbles, and, thanks to H. Marshall, tumbles very cleverly.

The success was great. Everybody was called, including the author, who bowed from his box. Nevertheless, we should recommend a lightening of some of the musical portions of the piece. The dances by the *corps de ballet* were highly valuable; the compound of hornpipe and quadrille, with which the first act ends, being most successful.

OLYMPIC.

This neat little theatre, which has been re-painted and re-embellished in a very tasteful manner, was re-opened with *She Stoops to Conquer*. The house was crowded in every part. The new pantomime is entitled *William the Conqueror, or Harlequin Harold*. The first scene represents the factory of Fun, in the world of waggery, where jokes and puns are manufactured to order. Fun, lamenting that she has been reduced to her last pun, is astounded by a check for a new pantomime, and, foiled in her excuses, draws a bill for fifty puns at sight upon History. This bill

being discounted, the Norman invasion is chosen as the subject, and its incidents are treated in the usual fashion. The introduction is carried through several scenes, in which fun and spectacle are well combined; and, when a decisive conflict is on the point of taking place between the Normans and Saxons, Fun again appears, and the transformations are effected. Most of the pantomimists were new to an English audience, Mdle. Vallée (Columbine,) Herr Cole (Pantaloon,) and Mr. W. A. Barnes, the Clown, being announced from the American theatres. They performed their parts with great ability, and were loudly applauded. Several very pretty dances were introduced by Mdle. Vallée and M. Chapino, who was a sprightly and active Harlequin; and some extraordinary feats of strength and agility were performed by Herr Seymour, who figured as a "sprite." The pantomime business was of the usual character. Hits were made at some of the political topics of the day, and at other matters of a common-place character. The action of the pantomime was kept up with great life and spirit, mainly by the exertions of Barnes, who was a bustling and amusing Clown, and who propitiated the "gods" by complying with their demand for "hot codlings." The scenery does much credit to the painters, and the concluding scene is one of great brilliancy, and displays considerable mechanical ingenuity. The music, selected and arranged by A. Lee, includes many popular airs, and adds in no slight degree to the effect of the pantomime, which we doubt not will prove a decided hit.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The entertainments commenced with *Venice Preserved*, and was followed by the Christmas pantomime, entitled *Harlequin and the World turned upside Down, or Number Nip and the Enchanted Fountain*. The vicissitudes which have occurred in Europe have suggested the title and some portion of the introductory plot; at the rising of the curtain the sad effects of Wild Revolution are exhibited to us in a scene of general conflagration and confusion. In the midst of this condition of affairs. Experience makes his appearance, and under his cautious guidance the state of things assumes a more orderly air, and we are conducted to the Palace of Peace in the Regions of Commerce. After some further matter the usual pantomimic transformations take place; the parts of Harlequin and Columbine being filled by Mr. C. Feuton and Miss Emma Horne, and those of Clown and Pantaloon by Mr. C. Stilt and Mr. J. Johnson. There immediately ensue all the bustle and rapid changes incident to a pantomime. Miss Emma Horne, the Columbine, disguised as a *vivandière*, executed in a graceful style a dance called the *Pas de Jenny Lind*, for which she received the plaudits of the company. The parts of Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, and of an attendant sprite, (Mr. R. Stilt,) were also cleverly filled, and, owing to the numerous comical allusions to the passing events of the day, the appropriate scenery and decorations, and to the variety and rapidity of the transformations, the pantomime gave perfect satisfaction. The theatre was filled to overflowing.

MARYLEBONE.

The pantomimic scribe of this establishment has ventured to depart from the beaten track, by taking one of the most thrilling melodramas ever presented on the stage, namely *One o'clock; or, the Wood Demon*, by Monk Lewis. The main incident—that of a man entering into a compact with an evil spirit—is as old as Faustus. It is no more than justice to state that his success has equalled his enterprise, and that he has contrived to convert difficulties into triumphs. The chief incidents are travestied in a spirit of drollery which must be enjoyed. We must be excused for not describing the plot of a pantomime. Suffice it that *Harlequin and Hardicanute, the Knight and the Wooden Demon*, is very successful; that the practical jokes elicit uproarious laughter; that the tricks are ingenious; that the scenery is creditably painted; and that the production is certain to establish itself in the favour of all lovers of fun. The Clown was well played by Mr. Jefferini. Harlequin found an efficient representative in Mr. Moreland; and Miss Sarah Healey could not fail to please in Columbine. Mr. Morris made a good Pantaloon. The pantomime was perfectly successful.

SURREY.

This establishment was opened by Mr. Shepherd and Miss

Vincent, with a new company, scenery and dresses, the house having undergone a complete renovation, and been decorated in an elegant style. The alterations have been designed and carried out by Mr. Withall. The stage, which is new, is sixty-five feet in depth, having a practicable stage of fifty feet. The pit, and ceiling, and dome, are also new, and the boxes and gallery have been remodelled, re-painted, and re-decorated. The performances commenced with a tragic drama in three acts, called the *Secretary, a tale of old Winchester Castle*, and listened to with much patience. The pantomime was founded partly on the ballad of the "mistletoe bough," and partly upon the ballad of "Lord Lovel," its title being *Harlequin Lord Lovel, or Lady Nancy Bell and the Fairies of the Silver Oak*. This junction produced alternately scenes of a beautiful woodland character, and grotesque representations of Lord Lovel's courtship of the Fairy Bell, and the preparation made by him "strange countries for to see."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SACRED HARMONICS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged by your informing your readers, in reply to the misrepresentations of your correspondent R. S.,

I. That at no former period have the subscriptions to the Sacred Harmonic Society reached the amount they have done during the present season;

II. That in no former year have the Concerts of the Society been so successful as since the commencement of the present season; and

III. That at no previous time have the expressed opinions of the press been so laudatory as during the present season.

That the immense success of the Sacred Harmonic Society has perilled the very existence of the rickety object of R. S.'s affections, is as apparent to others, as, from the tone of his second letter, it is evidently his own opinion. It is also easy to perceive from his angry letter, despite the magicians and poets introduced, that not even the offer of four tickets to a concert for a subscription of one guinea, or the still more alluring bait "to new subscribers before the 29th instant," that "they will be presented with a copy of the Oratorio by the conductor," will avail to lengthen the days of the London Sacred Harmonic Society.

Those facts must one day convince R. S., who is so fond of quotations, that "honesty is the best policy."

I should have refrained from any notice of his absurdities, but as he writes, that "finding the name of Costa will not suffice, it is currently reported they are about to try another," I will thank you to allow me to state that this report, like the rest of R. S.'s assertions, is wholly untrue, and that there neither is nor has been the slightest ground for such report, which I am in a position to prove can be traced to the place from whence the printed copies of R. S.'s letter were issued for distribution.

As no honor can be gained from public discussion with persons who do not scruple at any misrepresentations, I must decline any further notice of this subject.

That you may be aware I do not write without means of knowing the real state of affairs, I forward you my name, subscribing myself to your readers as

ONE DETERMINED TO UPHOLD THE
SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

December 28, 1848.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As an editorial note appended to my last letter accuses me of "seeming to nod," I feel compelled to reply to it, and assure you will allow me room for explanation, even though the charge of "nodding" should recoil upon yourself. I stated that "without my knowledge, and without it being known who was the author, my first letter was reprinted solely on account of the truths it contained." You remark upon this:—"Our worthy correspondent seems to nod here. If unaware of the republication of his letter, how could he know the reason of its republication?" The answer is simple, because true; I knew it by having been informed of it, subsequent to such republication. I trust this

explanation is sufficiently explicit. Enclosed is a copy of the republished letter, by which you will perceive that it preserves, without addition or omission, its original character of being a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, without any "assumed authority" from him. Part of my last letter is rendered unintelligible by the omission of the words "*I know*" in the sentence "If he be ignorant of my name, how can he declare that I know my reasonings have been refuted." To whose nodding is this to be attributed?—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. JACQUES HERZ has arrived in London, where he intends to reside and give lessons in singing and the pianoforte. M. Jacques Herz is brother of the well-known Henri Herz, and was the first instructor of the celebrated pianiste, Madame Pleyel.

JENNY LIND AND MR. BALFE.—The Swedish Nightingale has given another specimen of her extreme liberality to fellow-artists. As a return for the assiduous attention of Mr. Balfé during the two last Opera seasons and the autumn *tourneys* in the provinces, which have turned out so lucrative, Mdlle. Lind offered her services, to sing gratuitously for Mr. Balfé, at a concert to be given in the metropolis, in what *locale* he might select. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Balfé gratefully accepted this liberal offer. The date of the concert is already fixed, and, as may be seen in our advertisement sheet, the *locale* appointed by Mr. Balfé is Exeter Hall.

MR. RICHARDSON.—This celebrated flute-player has adopted Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute with great success.

MESSRS. TOLBECQUE, BARRET, BAUMANN, LAZARUS, and PILET, are engaged for the *Opera Comique* at the St. James's Theatre.

HERR REDL, the *chef d'orchestre* of the "Royal Property," has taken his excellent band to the *Casino de Venice*, Holborn, which he has fitted up in a most elegant and *recherché* manner. The followers of Terpsichore cannot do better than pay Herr Redl a visit; they will find there everything conducted with the greatest propriety and decorum. The selection of quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, by Wallerstein, Bosisio, Jullien, &c., are chosen from the most popular sets of the day, and are played by the orchestra in the best style and with the utmost precision under the conductorship of Herr Redl.

MDLLE. NISSEN has been engaged by Jullien for a fortnight, to sing at his concerts in the country; after that Madame Thillon will join him for a month. He commenced at Manchester on Tuesday last.

MR. HENRY LUNN was married on the 28th inst., by the Rev. F. J. Stainforth, to Miss Mary Anne Lincoln, at St. Pancras New Church. Mr. Lunn is the author of the clever and agreeable essays which appeared under the title of "*Musings of a Musician*," in the *Musical World*. Miss Lincoln is sister to the talented musician and lecturer, Mr. Henry Lincoln, and is one of our popular concert singers.

MR. DELAFIELD, lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, has returned to Paris.

MR. BARKER has been giving his entertainments at Leicester, and other provincial towns, with great success.

CARLOTTA GRISI has been creating a perfect *furor* at Ham-burgh. No dancer, not even Taglioni or Fanny Ellsler, ever so completely captivated the good burghers of this fine free town.

LISZT is positively married. He has been a long time about it.

GARDONI has made a highly favorable sensation at Saint Petersburg.

MADAME PLEYEL is at Brussels, pursuing her avocation of principal professor of the pianoforte at the *Conservatoire*. The celebrated pianist has expressed a determination to visit London again next season.

EXETER HALL.—The *Messiah* was performed last week by both Sacred Harmonic Societies. The *Judas Maccabeus* was given last night by the new society. We shall notice it next week.

M. BILLET.—This talented pianist has taken up his residence in London, where he intends to practise professionally. We have received some foreign papers, containing flattering *critiques* of his talent, from which we shall select one next week for insertion.

HAYMARKET.—The *Merchant of Venice* will be performed this evening, with nearly the same cast as that before Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, on Thursday evening.

GEORGE A. MACFARREN, the talented composer, has arrived in London from America with his *cara sposa*.

JENNY LIND AT WORCESTER.—This admirable songstress has, with her usual generosity, offered to visit this city, and exercise her talents in aid of the local charities. A Public Meeting on the subject will be held in the Guildhall, on Monday afternoon next, the Lord Bishop in the chair, in order to take the necessary proceedings, and to arrange for her reception.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

JENNY LIND AT MANCHESTER.—The Archers' annual ball was held on Friday evening, the 23rd inst., at the Assembly Rooms, and the committee having placed three tickets at the disposal of Mdlle. Lind, she was present, and entered into the gaieties of the scene with a joyous hilarity quite delightful.—*Manchester Guardian*.

JENNY LIND AT LIVERPOOL.—This charming songstress will visit Liverpool on or about the 5th of January, and will sing at a concert which is to be given in aid of the fund for erecting a new wing to the Southern or Toxteth Hospital.—*Liverpool Times*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—At a general meeting of this society, held on Saturday last, Mr. Henry Blagrove and Mr. Willy were elected on the Court of Assistants for life; Mr. Rovedino on the concert committee, vacant by the demise of F. Cramer; Messrs. Jarrett, Cubitt, and Goss, on the committee of accounts; and Mr. Parry (re-elected) honorary treasurer; Mr. Wood, secretary; and Mr. Watts, collector. The sum of £50 was voted, to be distributed among distressed persons connected with the musical profession, having no claim on the funds of the society, and three aged widows. There are now on the books nine aged members, thirty-five widows, and fifteen children. The sum of £2454 7s. 8d. was appropriated, during the present year, to the laudable purposes for which the institution was established in 1738.

COLOSSEUM.—The music performed by Mr. Pittman on the Apollonicon (built by Bevington), at the Colosseum during the exhibition of the Cyclorama, representing the earthquake which occurred at Lisbon in 1756, consists of the overture, market chorus, and march in *Masaniello*, the andante in Beethoven's *Pastorale*, a storm scene, MS., and the prayer in *Mose*. To perform Auber's overture on the organ is by no means an easy task, but Mr. Pittman accomplished it in a highly effective manner.

THALBERG, accompanied by the great Lablache and others, will commence an extensive tour through the provinces the latter end of January.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. B.—"Pomponatus" is informed that our active Milan correspondent is at present in Paris. This is why we have had no recent news from the capital of Lombardy.

MR. BARNETT, MR. MOLINEUX, A MEMBER OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, &c. &c., next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. BALFE

Reqs leave to inform his Friends and the Public that he will give a

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AT EXETER HALL,
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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Committee have the gratification of communicating to the Members and Stewards of the Society the following Resolution of Thanks, in acknowledgment of their services at the Performance, on the 15th December inst.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

6, Exeter Hall, December 28, 1843,

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

December 22, 1843.

Resolved unanimously—

That the best thanks of the Committee be presented to the Sacred Harmonic Society for their highly valuable Services at the Performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio, *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, on the 15th instant, and for the gratuitous and effective aid of a large number of their Members, as well as their having kindly granted the use of their Organ, extensive Platform, and Orchestral fittings, together with the other facilities and advantages possessed by them; and the Committee for the "Mendelssohn Scholarships" request the Committee of "The Sacred Harmonic Society" to convey to the Gentlemen who acted as Stewards their best thanks for the assistance they kindly rendered upon this occasion.

(Signed)

GEORGE SMART, Chairman.

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A beautiful New Type has been cast, on which the DISPATCH will next year be printed.

Advertisers are respectfully requested to forward their advertisements on or before Friday Afternoon, otherwise no attention can be paid to them for the current number.

To prevent disappointment, early orders should be given to Mr. R. J. WOOD 139, Fleet Street, to whom Post-Office Orders may be made payable, or to any of the Newsvenders, in Town and Country.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. PURKISS, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holwell Street, and at all Booksellers. — Saturday, December 30th, 1848.

